

BASEBALL, CYCLING, PUGILISM, RACING, AQUATICS, ATHLETICS.

Edited by Harry Beecher.

FALLEN CHAMPION NEVER FLINCHES AT HIS DEFEAT.

JEFFRIES A PANTHER, SAYS HAWTHORNE.

A PLUCKY WOMAN SAW THE BIG FIGHT



MRS. MOLLY E. REARDON, WHO SAW THE FIGHT.

Mrs. Molly E. Reardon Relates Her Experiences at the Ringside for the Journal—Lost Her Moustache, but Escaped Detection.

Probably the only woman, except Mrs. Fitzsimmons, who ever witnessed a championship battle between heavy weights—the East at least—is Mrs. M. E. Reardon. She sat at the ringside Friday night and saw James J. Jeffries change the spots on the red-headed champion of the world.

Mrs. Reardon is well known in New York. She is the proprietress of the Garrick, a chop house in Forty-second street, just west of seventh avenue. To those who know her—and there are few in the colony that stays up late at night who do not—she is "Molly" Reardon. She started in the catering business in a small way six years ago, and now her place is known all over the country.

In the crowd that frequents her place there are many men of sporting tendencies. For weeks they talked fight, and the preponderance of opinion was in favor of Fitzsimmons. She became a Fitzsimmons adherent and bet \$500 on the chances of the red Australian. The men she bet with—among them one of the most prominent lawyers in the city—allowed her even money because she is a woman. The rest of the story she tells herself in the following statement:

The Woman's Own Story.

Editor of the Journal: I had bet \$500 on the fight and was much interested in it. It came to pass that I dreamed fight, and although I had never seen Fitzsimmons, I felt that he could not lose. I liked him because I had heard that he was a good man to his children and that he was honest and fair.

About a week ago I said that I would like to go to the fight. I wanted to see my money lost or won. I had a couple of friends, and I had a bookmaker, and I had a man to aid me. When I made up my mind to do a thing I generally do it, and I made up my mind that I was going to see the fight. While the impulse was fresh I went out and bought a suit of men's clothes. Then I had Mr. Hepper make me a wig and fix me out with a new, black false moustache. I bought a white Fedora hat and a pair of regulation tan shoes.

After the excitement of the preliminary arrangements was over, I felt like backing out, but word had gone around that I was going to the fight, and I felt that I had to make good my promise. What worried me was the chance that it would be a bloody contest. I thought that fighters just hammered the life out of each other when they got in the ring (I can't see why they call it a ring, because it is square). I felt that I would have to witness a regular slaughter.

ROOSEVELT WANTED JEFFRIES TO WIN.

The Governor Hopes, Too, That the New Champion Will Soon Meet His Waterloo.

Rochester, June 10.—While driving from the Union League Club's reception last night Governor Roosevelt expressed a curiosity to know how the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries fight had turned out, adding that he secretly hoped Jeffries would win and that within a few weeks some one would knock the latter out. The Governor is a great admirer of the "manly art," he says he has no use for slugging matches.

Rain Prevents Bicycle Racing.

The early afternoon showers yesterday caused a postponement of the bicycle racing which was to have taken place at Ambrose Park. While the downpour was not heavy, it so moistened the track that many of the flyers were afraid to risk riding on it. The meet will be held on July 1 instead. As Arthur A. Zimmerman, the former world's champion, was to make his reappearance in competition at yesterday's meet, he has consented to refrain from actual racing until that date.

Yale-Harvard University Boat Race.

The completion of the Great Britain of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, on the east bank of the Thames River at New London, will enable patrons of the observation train to be run by that railroad this year to witness the event under the most favorable circumstances. The train will be hauled over the Great New London Bridge, so that every one may see the finish from that advantageous point. A limited number of seats on the train will be sold in New York at \$1.00. The company, Room No. 3, Grand Central Station.

Fitz Sails His Boy's Toy Boat; Julian Talks "More Fight."

"You kids have the laugh on your daddy talk floating around after the battle there is nothing more illustrative of the game way in which Fitzsimmons took his defeat than the following story of his homecoming."

At 1:30 p. m. the two hacks containing the defeated pugilist, his wife and trainers drove through the dark streets to the former champion's cottage like a funeral procession. They halted silently before the gate and Mrs. Fitzsimmons alighted. She had been weeping bitterly, but had grown more quiet.

She came through the gate followed by Mrs. Hickey, and silent. Then came Fitzsimmons, Yank Kenney and Everhardt. The little party gathered in the pugilist's bedroom. Fitz lay down on the bed, and stretched his arms over his head. Mrs. Fitzsimmons sat on the bed beside him.

"Don't mind, Bob," she said in a low voice; "I love you better than ever before." "Oh, I don't mind, Rose," said Fitz cheerfully; "of course I would like to have you for your sake as well as my own, but I can't do it now."

"But say, Rose," he continued; "you left too soon. I wanted you to stay and see me get up and come to it again. I can beat them all getting up. If they had only let me alone I would have been getting up by a phenomenal man, and I would have been in the wind and the little party felt silent."

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Here Fitz laughed good naturedly. "It all seems so funny to me. Say, boys, how did I get it? How did I leave the ring? What does the public think of me now? I wonder if anybody will call me a cur again."

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"Oh, no he isn't," replied Fitz quickly; "he's a crackjack, and don't make any mistake about it. Rose, you think I can hit? Why I can hit about like little Bob, who is hitting up his night's sleep there in his crib."

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"Wanted to Win for Your Sake," Says Fitz to His Wife.

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Jeffries, the Victor, a New Idol for Curious Crowds.

By Langdon Smith. "It feels bully to be a champion, Tommy."

Then the brand new champion slugger of the entire earth, James J. Jeffries, raised up in bed and looked at his hands. They were puffed and swollen. There was a nasty looking cut over his right eye, which had been carefully court-plastered.

It was 10:30 and the champion was hungry. He rose and dressed himself in the blue serge suit and red sweater which he wore at the ringside.

Downstairs a great crowd was waiting in the barroom of the Vanderbilt Hotel and another crowd was out on the street, ready to howl. Billy Delaney was already at the breakfast table. "Jeff is a big kid," he said; "there is no indication of the swollen head about him now. He is not a drinking man, and will be champion for a long time to come."

Just then Jeffries and Ryan entered the barroom. There was a sensation. "Hooray!" shrieked the fat sports. "Wow! You bet he's a daisy!" howled the lean. The small boys whooped in fortissimo and a crowd of kids peered through the doorway with awe.

The champion smiled a swollen smile, as though his jaw were sore. He rolled up to the bar in an elephantine way and ordered a "Tommy Ryan punch." The bartender looked puzzled, and so did Ryan. "Why," said the champion, "it's the punch I settled Fitzsimmons with. Ryan invented it."

Ready to Fight Again. Jeffries ate everything he could lay his fingers on. "How do I feel?" he said. "I feel as though I could do it all over again right now."

Of course everybody laughed, because it is the proper caper to laugh when a great pugilistic champion says anything.

In the meantime the crowd was rapidly increasing. Everybody wanted to see Jeffries, the new champion, the man who settled the Australian bash of Fitzsimmons, and who wants to go right on fighting for the mere love of it.

Jeffries finished what was probably the most gigantic breakfast ever tackled by a pugilist, thereby indicating a sound solar plexus and an unconquerable stomach.

Men drifted in by twos and threes to shake the big man's hand and to offer him the usual complimentary remarks. He has not the gruffness of the mighty John L. He felt too good to be gruff. When he was not shaking hands with others he would pause in his breakfast to shake hands with himself.

After the meal had been concluded, Mr. Max Chum, the hotel proprietor, having an eye for business, brought the champion into the barroom.

Then there was a football rush that swamped the bartenders. Glasses clinked, throats gurgled, and loud were the congratulations that sounded about the champion. In all that crowd a Fitzsimmons man could not be found.

Off for Philadelphia. Three carriages drove to the door, and the pugilistic party, amid much hand-shaking and felicitations, rattled away to the Pennsylvania station. They took the early afternoon train for Philadelphia, where the new champion appeared last night.

It is a notable fact that a week before the battle Jeffries was billed as champion of the world in seven different cities where he will appear.

It was the general opinion among those who saw the fight that it was the greatest heavy-weight battle that ever took place. It was a revelation of the most modern tricks in the science of pugilism. Jeffries had been trained against Fitzsimmons's right hand. He had been taught to crouch in order to avoid it. By this method he won the battle.

These who had bet on Jeffries were overjoyed. In all the history of sports there was nothing else was talked of. Wakely's saloon, at Forty-second street and Sixth avenue, was crowded from morning until night with men who held repeated post-mortems on the fight.

At Corbett's place there was another jam. There were but few men who seemed to think that Sharkey would have any chance whatever with the new champion. Many persons seemed to think better of Mainer than of the stocky sailor. They claimed that he would have less trouble than Sharkey in getting to Jeffries on account of his longer reach.

Wall Street sports were rather hard hit. Most of them were Fitzsimmons men, and the fact that he had lost his title and his money was a heavy blow. Many of the Tammany men who sat around the ringside were also heavy losers.

"Honest John" a Winner.

The bookmakers, generally speaking, fought shy of bets on account of the attitude taken by Chief Devery. "Honest John" Kelly was a heavy winner. He had seen Jeffries in training, and did not see how he could lose.

Billy Brady and Tom O'Rourke met by chance in Cohen's restaurant, on Surf avenue, shortly after the fight.

"Well," said O'Rourke with a rising inflection, "Sharkey is ready for your man."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Brady sarcastically. "Well, he can stay ready until we get ready for him. We needn't get him to fight. We gave him the first chance. He flunked, and you know it."

"Phinked," said he, snarled O'Rourke. "You would never have wanted to fight only you knew that Sharkey had the rheumatism and was practically laid up."

"That's not so, and you know it. When we made the match with Fitz you came to the front fast enough. Now you can wait for six months before you can wait for six months."

Hot words were bandied to and fro until it began to look as though the mutual animosity would be settled. Mutual friends intervened and the meeting came to naught.

PARSON JEFFRIES SEES THE LORD'S AID.

He Does Not Approve of His Son's Profession, but Thinks Providence Helped "Jim."

Los Angeles, Cal., June 10.—When a reporter called at the home of Champion Jeffries' father in East Los Angeles, late last night, he found the lights out and the family asleep. After some time the inmates were aroused and came down to bear the news of the fight.

Mr. Jeffries, who is a preacher, and does not approve of his son's profession, did not appear elated over the result, though he admitted that round the fight had ended and if anyone was hurt. Being assured that neither his son nor Fitzsimmons had sustained serious injury, he said:

"It's just as I said some time ago when I was asked for an expression as to the coming battle. The Lord was in the fight. He was with Jim, and, of course, Jim won."

Mrs. Jeffries was delighted that her son had won and immediately sent the following message to him:

"I am glad you have won the victory you have worked so hard for."



Champion Jeffries as He Appeared Yesterday.

The Author Tells How the New Marvel, Undaunted by Furious Blows, Laid Fitz Low.

By Julian Hawthorne.

IF one could suppose such a thing as a battle between a gamecock and a panther he would get a notion of the appearance of the late and the present champion in the ring. Fitz stood up straight, and was always going at his adversary, even when his brain was so dazed by the latter's blows that all his own movements must have been instinctive.

Pinker man I never saw; and he was wiry, tough and quick; moreover, he set out with the manifest conviction that he would win, and maintained him self in that delusion up to within a couple of rounds or so of the end, when he became anxious and made desperate efforts to redeem the crown which he saw slipping away from him; but it was too late; in truth, it may as well be confessed that Fitz never had a chance (barring some extraordinary accident) from the first.

Litheness of a Panther.

That sleek, cranny-skinned panther, with his serious, intent face, stepping light and noiseless on his feet, terribly graceful, was always crouching near him and around him, edging away from him, then suddenly sliding to close quarters; shooting out little cuffs with his paw now and then, which seemed mere quavers; but which dropped Fitz whenever they happened to reach him square; receiving unmoved and seemingly unnoticed the furious blows which Fitz darted at him; watching him all the while with a certain grave curiosity and wariness, as if he were waiting for him to do some of those wonderful things which it had been claimed he would do; waiting for an exhibition of that marvellous swiftness and wizard cleverness which were to bewilder his adversary and leave him helpless; never once letting out his own full strength, but gradually winning in spite of himself, as it were, because what was play to him was deadly earnest to poor Fitz.

Jeffries is still an unknown quantity; he did not attempt to extend himself, and it is probable that the extravagant stories which have, during the last few weeks, been dinned into his ears and the public's as to what Fitz would do to him, had produced their effect, in making him over-cautious—too careful not to run the risk of losing by some oversight.

Jeff Was Over-Cautious.

He might have annihilated Fitz in the second round, or in the first, for that matter, if he had not been led to believe that the ex-champion was "loaded" with some hidden explosive, endowed with some till now unimagined subtlety and guile, but really he was looking for what had no existence; he was every bit as quick as Fitz, just as swift to land a blow, just as clever in avoiding or blocking one; and two or three times as strong as the other.

In fact, Fitz was, if anything, the less scientific of the two; he fought a straight fight, with desperate zeal; and his only guile was in contriving to look confident and cheerful when the very shadow of death was upon him.

It was pathetic to see him rain those sharp, stinging blows on his foe, and produce no effect whatever; Jeffries had the air of absorbing them unconsciously, while awaiting the arrival of some really serious attack. The two men were on the same class, and if Jeffries had known Fitz before they went into the ring as well as he knew him afterward the fight would have been over very promptly.

Fitz Out of His Class.

The odds were, of course, quite unjustifiable, and also incomprehensible. How men who had spent their lives in slugging up fighters could fall into such gross error is perplexing to the lay mind; and the suspicion was aroused that there might be some secret deal back of it. But there was not; it was simply inability to see a patent truth that was staring one out of countenance.

Fitz is a remarkably good middle weight; he was never anything more than that, and one is constrained to believe that several of his victories were after all due in a measure to luck; and he tried his luck once too often. He was not defeated by any single tremendous blow; he was mauled about and gradually weakened by a man of vastly greater strength and mental vitality; cuffed and jolted and jarred from head to heel; and at last a thump on the jaw, which, fortunately, lacked three-fourths of the steam which Jeffries was capable of putting into it, dispatched him emphatically into the category of things that have been.

As he lay there on his back, writhing a little, but quite helpless, the great, sleek